MARVEL®

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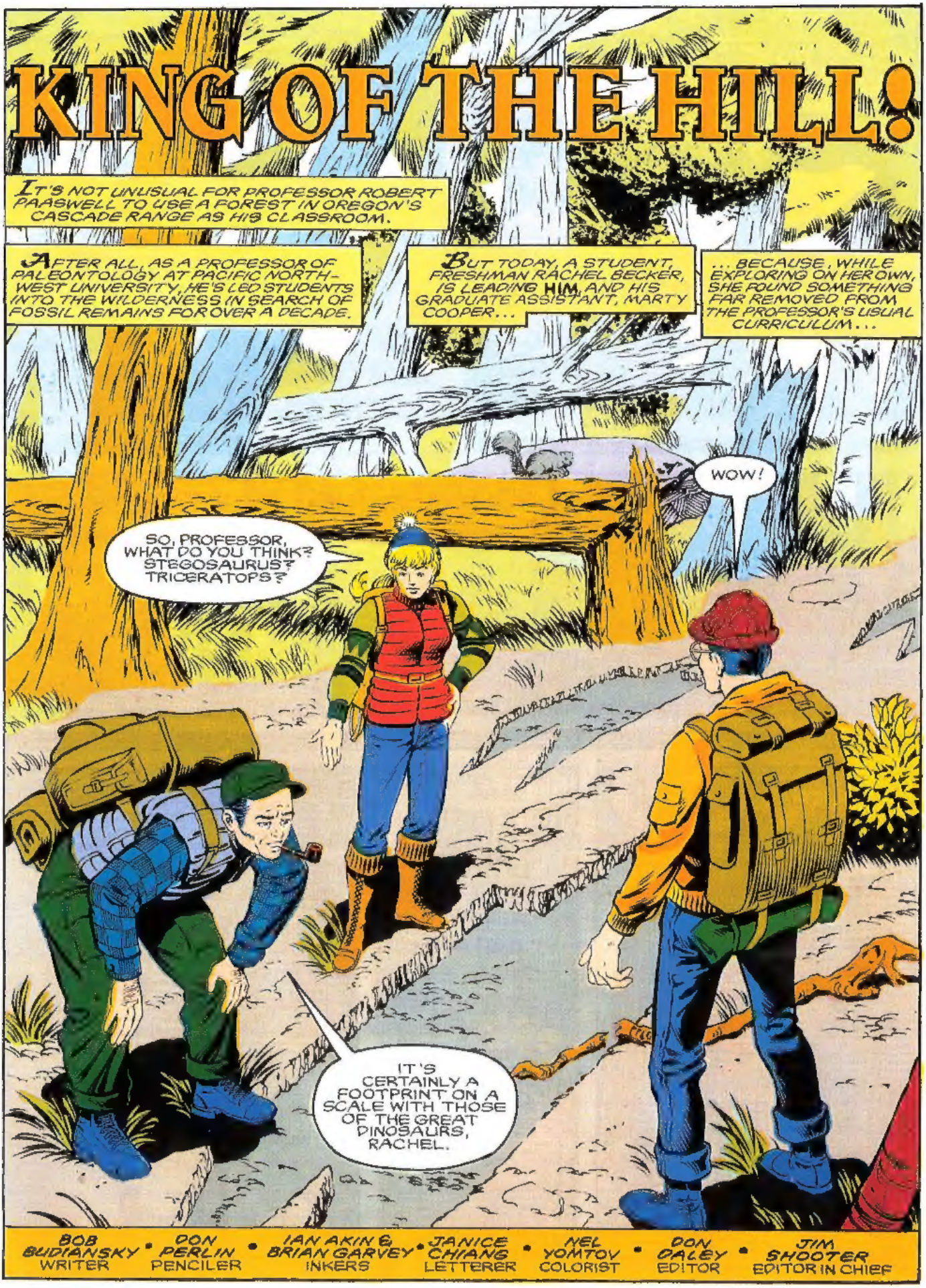
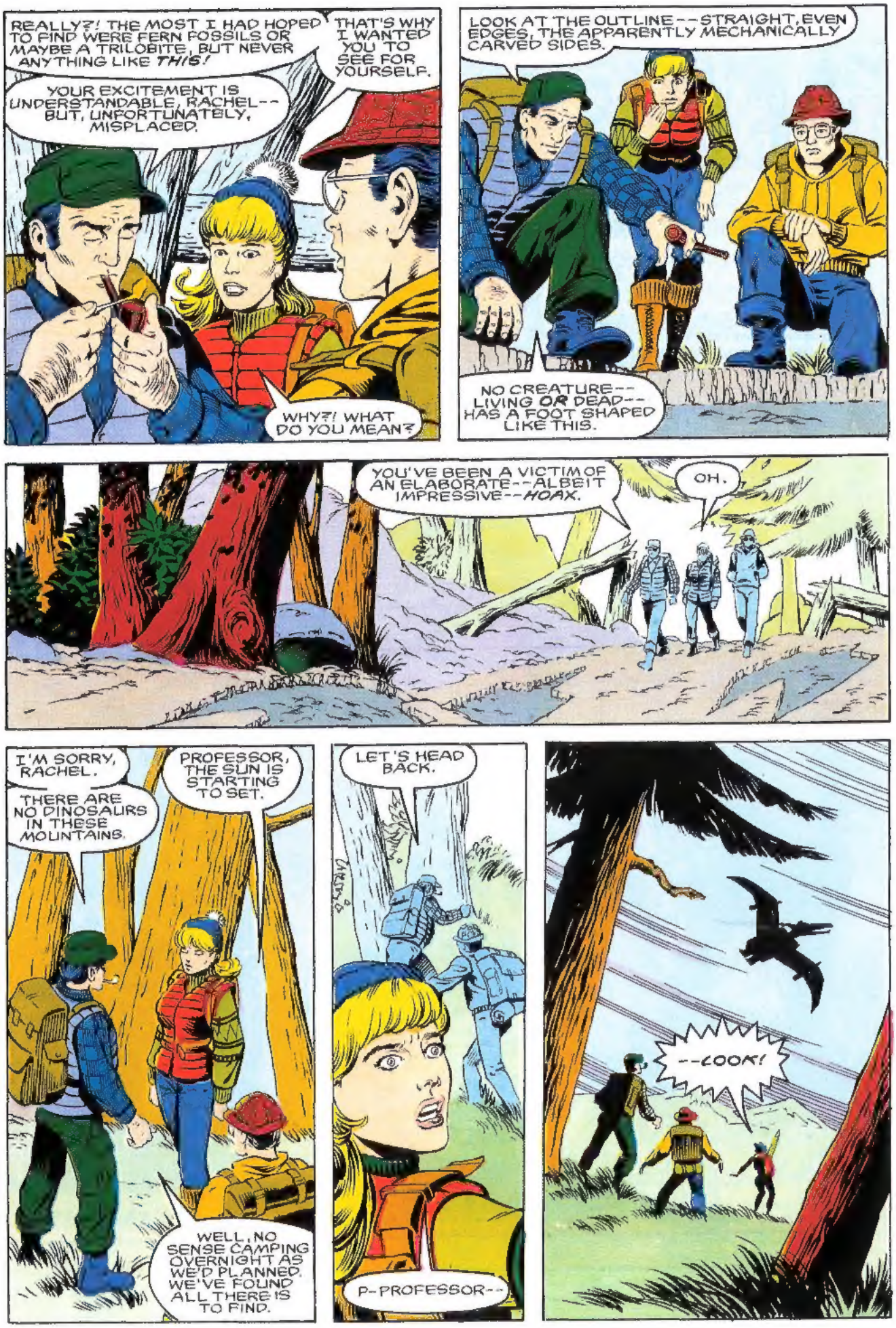
THE TRANSFORMERS™

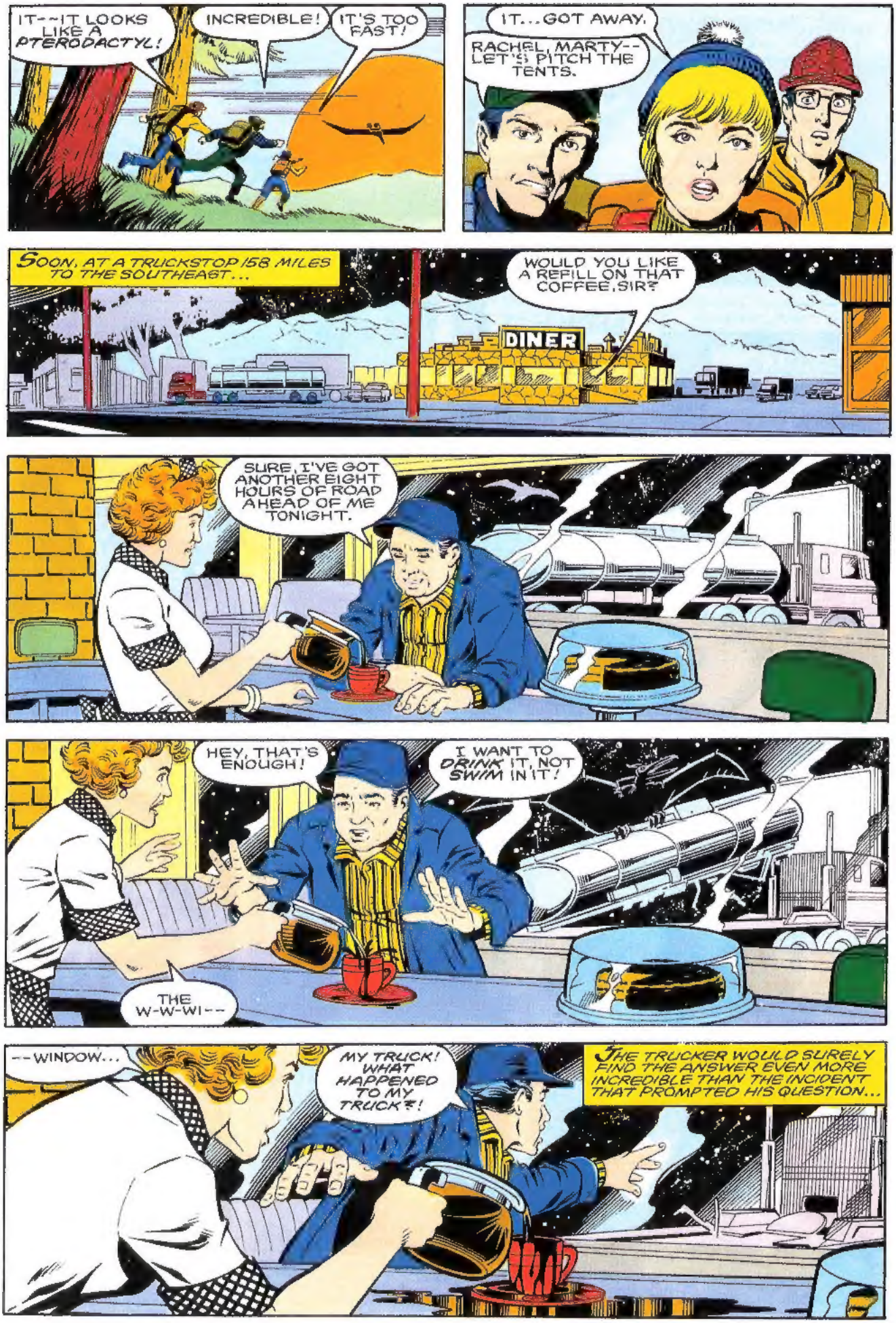
HEROIC AUTOBOT

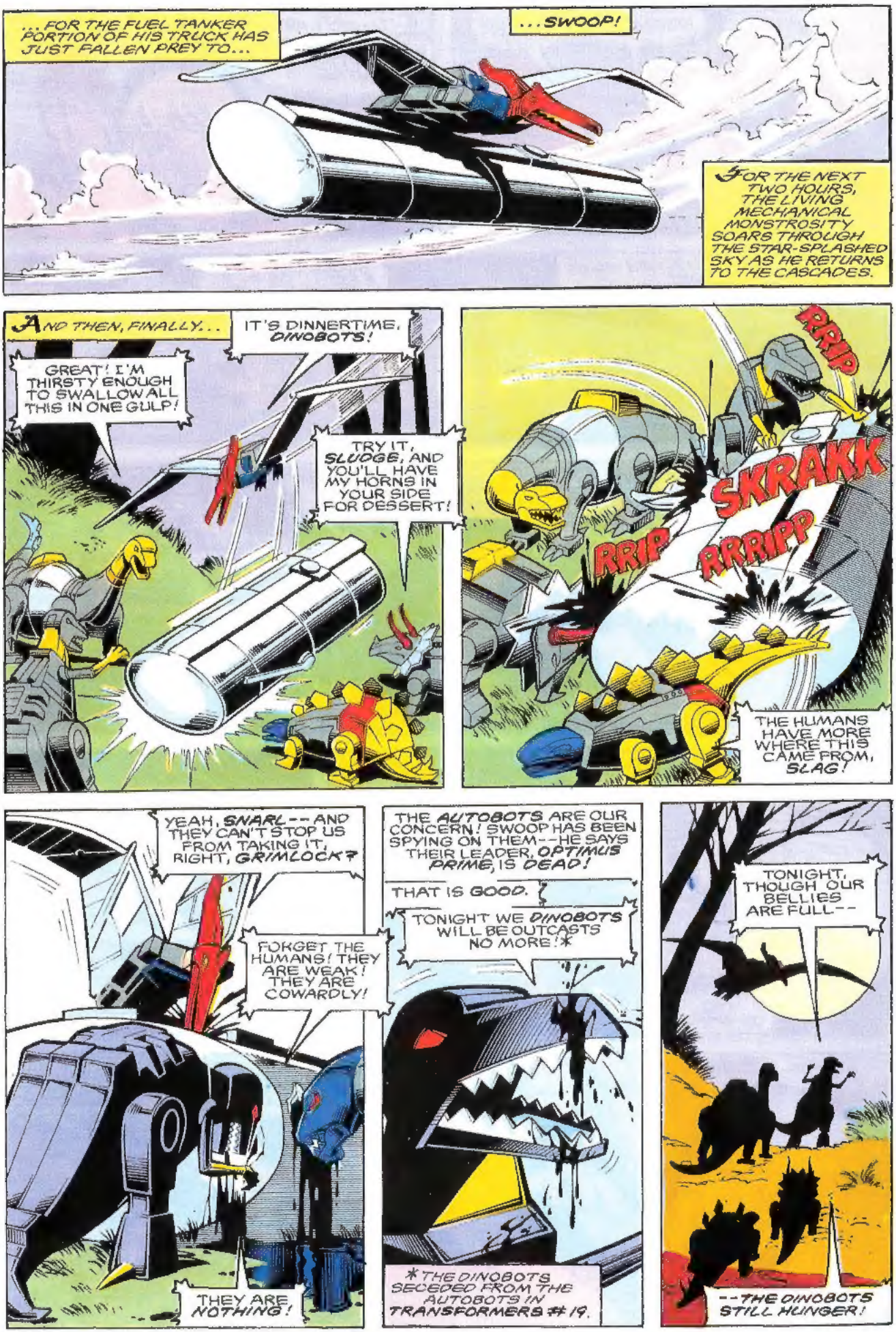
The Autobots Want A NEW LEADER!

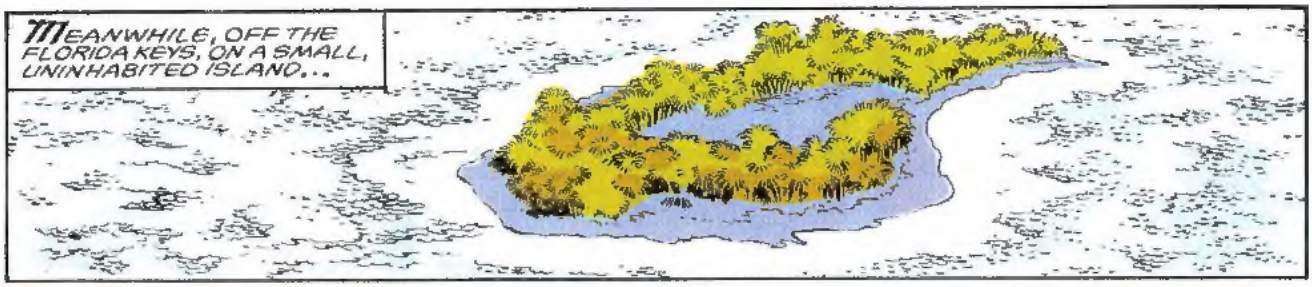
VOTE FOR ME!

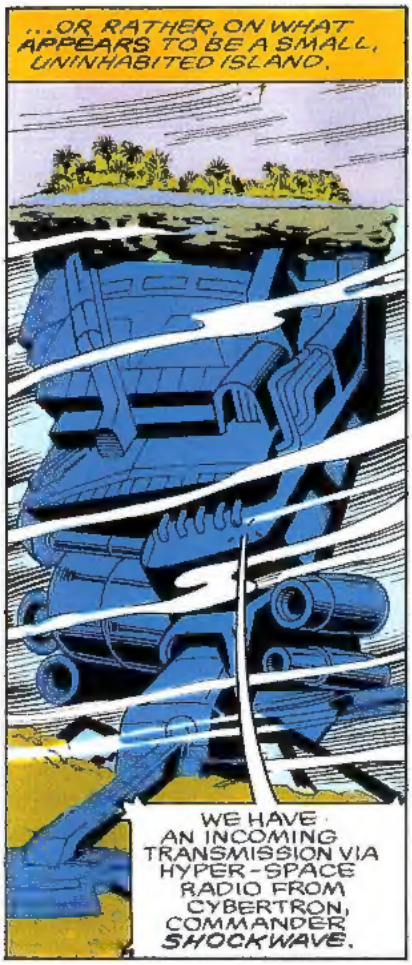

KING OF THE HILL!
IT'S NOT UNUSUAL FOR PROFESSOR ROBERT PAASWELL TO USE A FOREST IN OREGON'S CASCADE RANGE AS HIS CLASSROOM.
AFTER ALL, AS A PROFESSOR OF PALEONTOLOGY AT PACIFIC NORTHWEST UNIVERSITY, HE'S LED STUDENTS INTO THE WILDERNESS IN SEARCH OF FOSSIL REMAINS FOR OVER A DECADE.
BUT TODAY, A STUDENT, FRESHMAN RACHEL BECKER, IS LEADING HIM, AND HIS GRADUATE ASSISTANT, MARTY COOPER...
...BECAUSE, WHILE EXPLORING ON HER OWN, SHE FOUND SOMETHING FAR REMOVED FROM THE PROFESSOR'S USUAL CURRICULUM...
WOW!
SO, PROFESSOR, WHAT DO YOU THINK? STEGOSAURUS? TRICERATOPS?
IT'S CERTAINLY A FOOTPRINT ON A SCALE WITH THOSE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS, RACHEL.
BOB BUDIANSKY WRITER • DON PERLIN PENCILER • IAN AKIN & BRIAN GARVEY INKERS • JANICE CHIANG LETTERER • NEL YOMTOV COLORIST • DON DALEY EDITOR • JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF

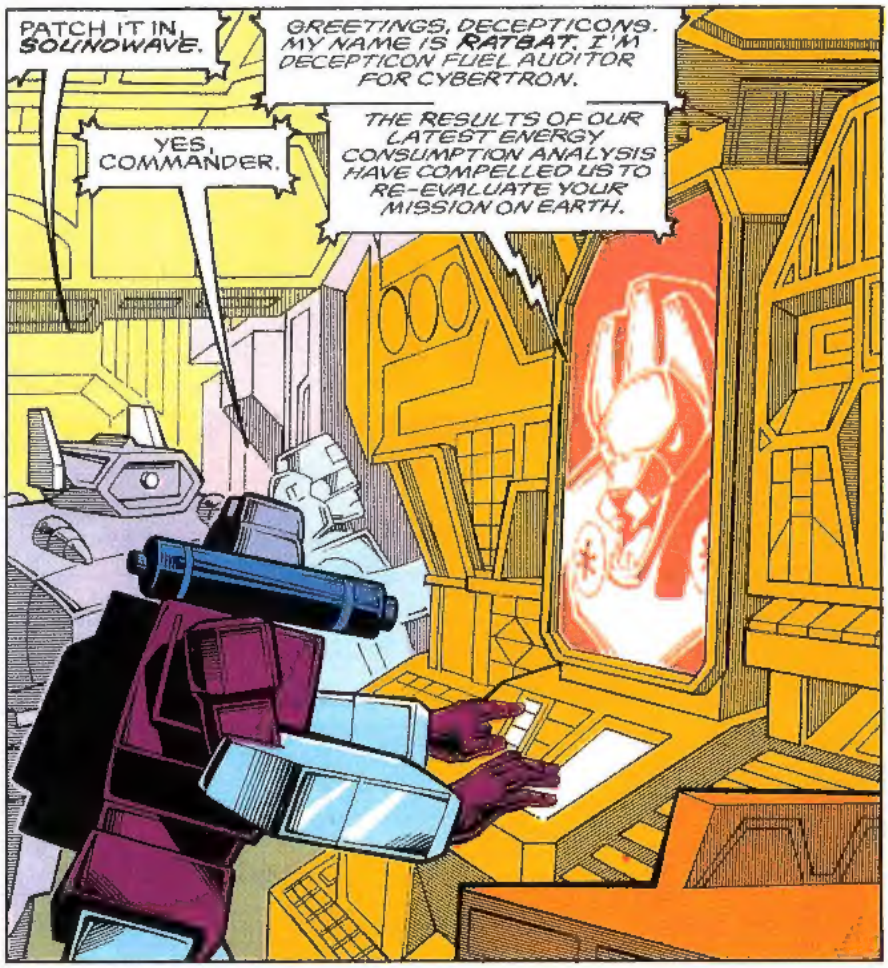

REALLY?! THE MOST I HAD HOPED TO FIND WERE FERN FOSSILS OR MAYBE A TRILOBITE, BUT NEVER ANYTHING LIKE THIS!
THAT'S WHY I WANTED YOU TO SEE FOR YOURSELF.
YOUR EXCITEMENT IS UNDERSTANDABLE, RACHEL--BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, MISPLACED.
WHY?! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
LOOK AT THE OUTLINE--STRAIGHT, EVEN EDGES, THE APPARENTLY MECHANICALLY CARVED SIDES.
NO CREATURE--LIVING OR DEAD--HAS A FOOT SHAPED LIKE THIS.
YOU'VE BEEN A VICTIM OF AN ELABORATE--ALBEIT IMPRESSIVE--HOAX.
OH.
I'M SORRY, RACHEL.
THERE ARE NO DINOSAURS IN THESE MOUNTAINS.
PROFESSOR, THE SUN IS STARTING TO SET.
WELL, NO SENSE CAMPING OVERNIGHT AS WE'D PLANNED. WE'VE FOUND ALL THERE IS TO FIND.
LET'S HEAD BACK.
P-PROFESSOR--
--LOOK!

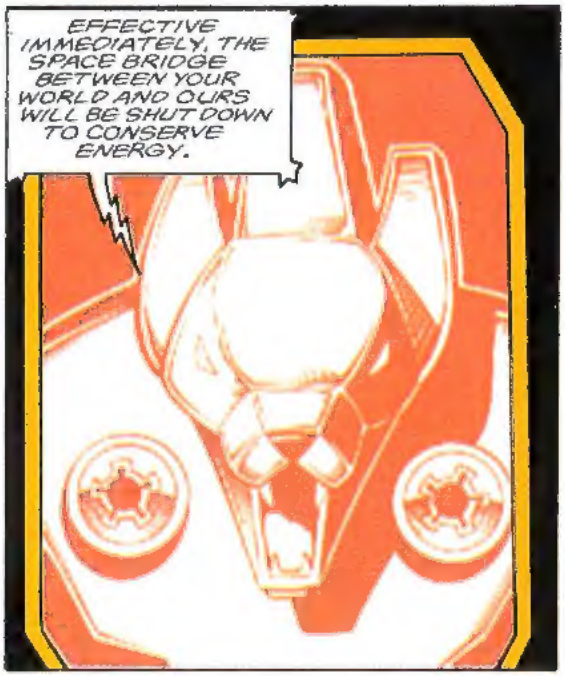

IT--IT LOOKS LIKE A PTERODACTYL!
INCREDIBLE!
IT'S TOO FAST!
IT...GOT AWAY.
RACHEL, MARTY--LET'S PITCH THE TENTS.
SOON, AT A TRUCKSTOP 158 MILES TO THE SOUTHEAST...
WOULD YOU LIKE A REFILL ON THAT COFFEE, SIR?
DINER
SURE, I'VE GOT ANOTHER EIGHT HOURS OF ROAD AHEAD OF ME TONIGHT.
HEY, THAT'S ENOUGH!
I WANT TO DRINK IT, NOT SWIM IN IT!
THE W-W-WI--
--WINDOW...
MY TRUCK! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY TRUCK?!
THE TRUCKER WOULD SURELY FIND THE ANSWER EVEN MORE INCREDIBLE THAN THE INCIDENT THAT PROMPTED HIS QUESTION...

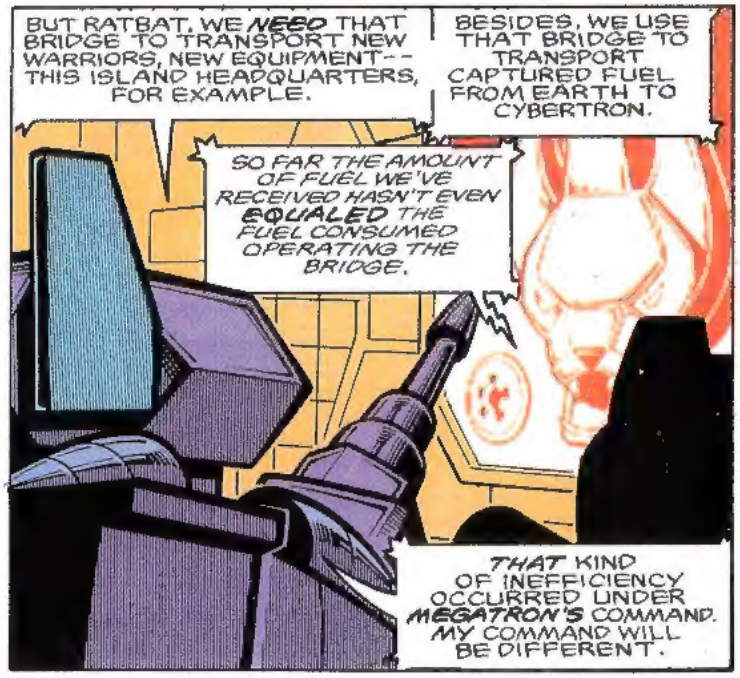

...FOR THE FUEL TANKER PORTION OF HIS TRUCK HAS JUST FALLEN PREY TO...
...SWOOP!
FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS, THE LIVING MECHANICAL MONSTROSITY SOARS THROUGH THE STAR-SPLASHED SKY AS HE RETURNS TO THE CASCADES.
AND THEN, FINALLY...
IT'S DINNERTIME, DINOBOTS!
GREAT! I'M THIRSTY ENOUGH TO SWALLOW ALL THIS IN ONE GULP!
TRY IT, SLUDGE, AND YOU'LL HAVE MY HORNS IN YOUR SIDE FOR DESSERT!
RRIP
SKRAKK
RRIP
RRRIPP
THE HUMANS HAVE MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM, SLAG!
YEAH, SNARL--AND THEY CAN'T STOP US FROM TAKING IT, RIGHT, GRIMLOCK?
FORGET THE HUMANS! THEY ARE WEAK! THEY ARE COWARDLY!
THEY ARE NOTHING!
THE AUTOBOTS ARE OUR CONCERN! SWOOP HAS BEEN SPYING ON THEM--HE SAYS THEIR LEADER, OPTIMUS PRIME, IS DEAD!
THAT IS GOOD.
TONIGHT WE DINOBOTS WILL BE OUTCASTS NO MORE!*
*THE DINOBOTS SECEDED FROM THE AUTOBOTS IN TRANSFORMERS #19.
TONIGHT, THOUGH OUR BELLIES ARE FULL--
--THE DINOBOTS STILL HUNGER!

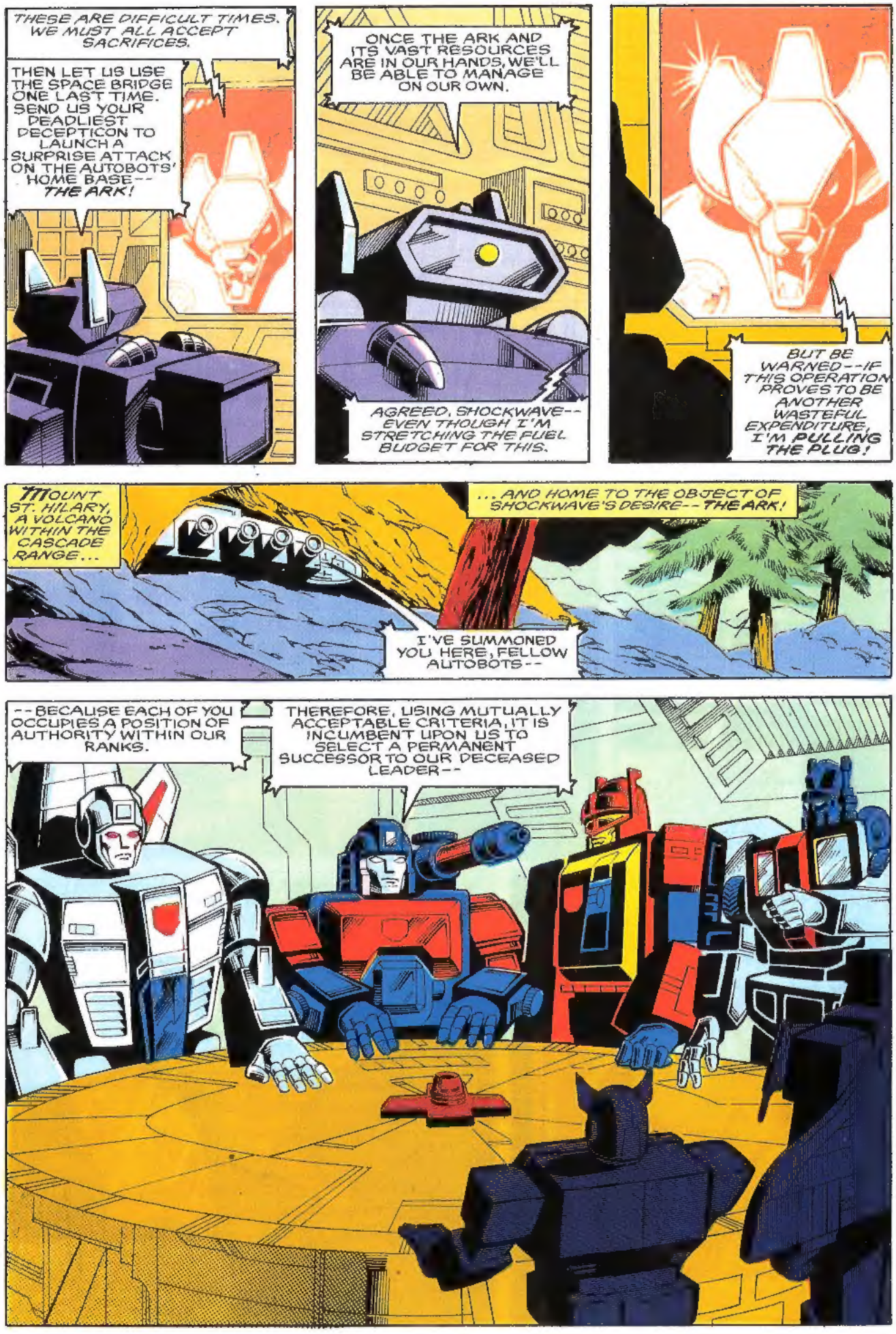

MEANWHILE, OFF THE FLORIDA KEYS, ON A SMALL, UNINHABITED ISLAND...

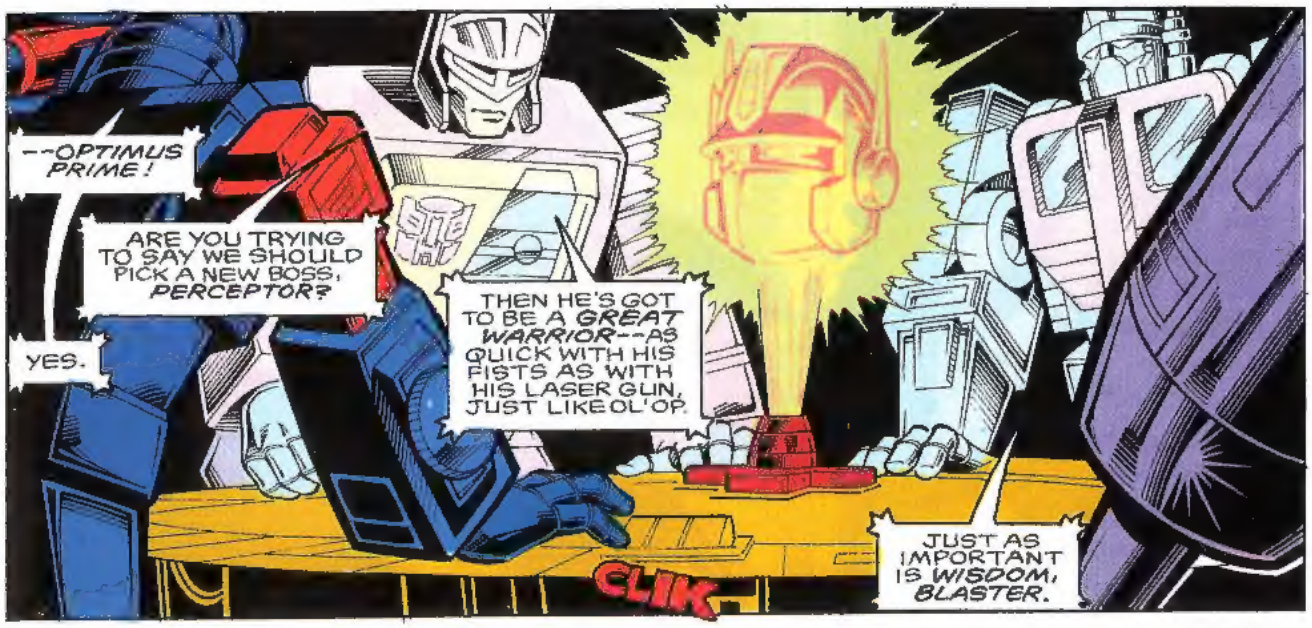

...OR RATHER, ON WHAT APPEARS TO BE A SMALL, UNINHABITED ISLAND.
WE HAVE AN INCOMING TRANSMISSION VIA HYPER-SPACE RADIO FROM CYBERTRON, COMMANDER SHOCKWAVE.

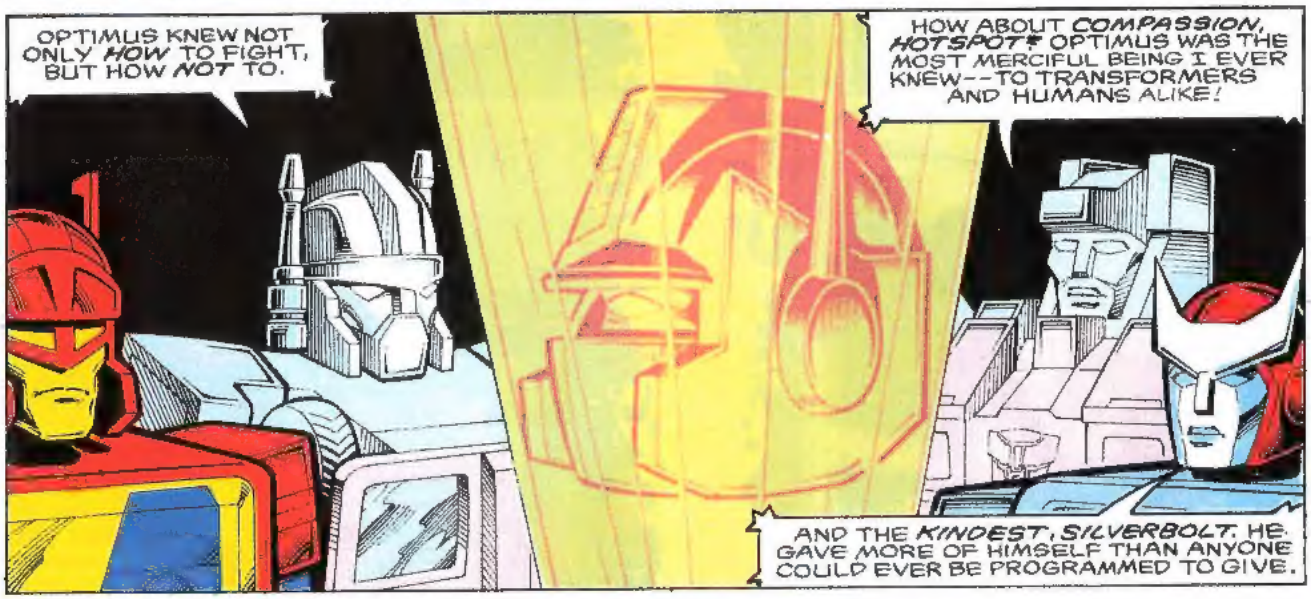

PATCH IT IN, SOUNDWAVE.
GREETINGS, DECEPTICONS. MY NAME IS RATBAT. I'M DECEPTICON FUEL AUDITOR FOR CYBERTRON.
YES, COMMANDER.
THE RESULTS OF OUR LATEST ENERGY CONSUMPTION ANALYSIS HAVE COMPELLED US TO RE-EVALUATE YOUR MISSION ON EARTH.

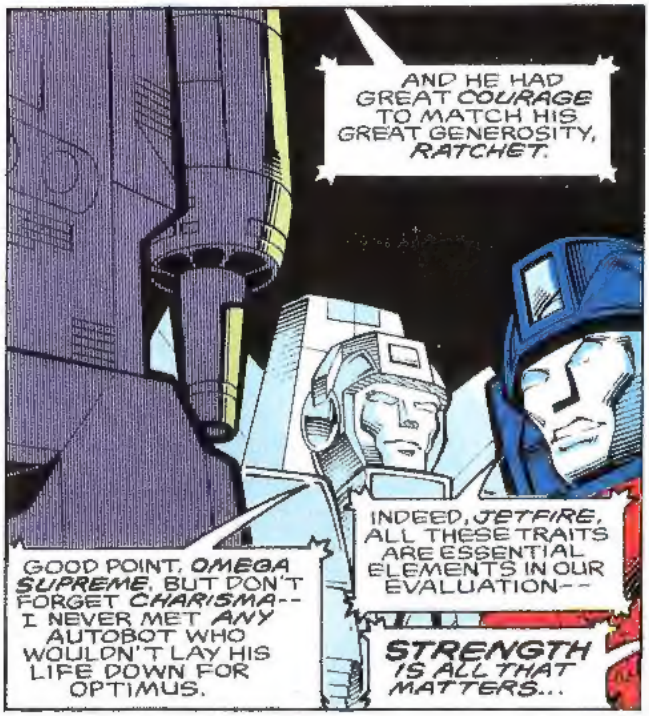

EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY, THE SPACE BRIDGE BETWEEN YOUR WORLD AND OURS WILL BE SHUT DOWN TO CONSERVE ENERGY.

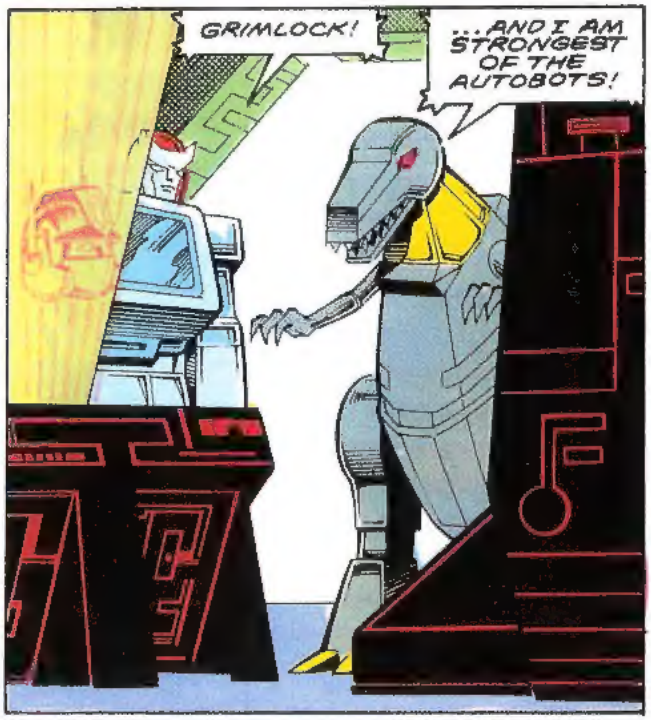

BUT RATBAT, WE NEED THAT BRIDGE TO TRANSPORT NEW WARRIORS, NEW EQUIPMENT-- THIS ISLAND HEADQUARTERS, FOR EXAMPLE.
BESIDES, WE USE THAT BRIDGE TO TRANSPORT CAPTURED FUEL FROM EARTH TO CYBERTRON.
SO FAR THE AMOUNT OF FUEL WE'VE RECEIVED HASN'T EVEN EQUALED THE FUEL CONSUMED OPERATING THE BRIDGE.
THAT KIND OF INEFFICIENCY OCCURRED UNDER MEGATRON'S COMMAND. MY COMMAND WILL BE DIFFERENT.

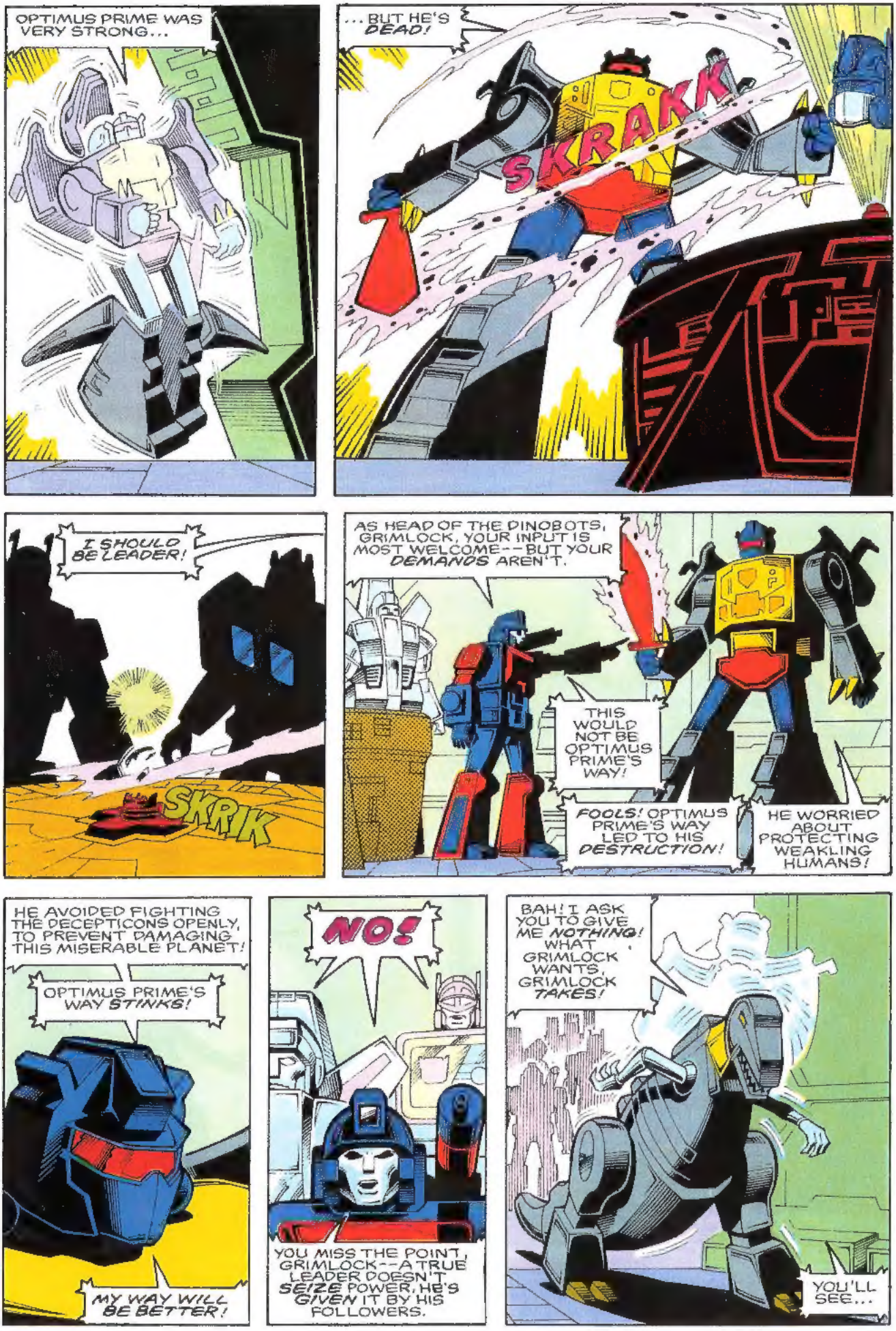

THESE ARE DIFFICULT TIMES. WE MUST ALL ACCEPT SACRIFICES.
THEN LET US USE THE SPACE BRIDGE ONE LAST TIME. SEND US YOUR DEADLIEST DECEPTICON TO LAUNCH A SURPRISE ATTACK ON THE AUTOBOTS' HOME BASE-- THE ARK!
ONCE THE ARK AND ITS VAST RESOURCES ARE IN OUR HANDS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO MANAGE ON OUR OWN.
AGREED, SHOCKWAVE-- EVEN THOUGH I'M STRETCHING THE FUEL BUDGET FOR THIS.
BUT BE WARNED--IF THIS OPERATION PROVES TO BE ANOTHER WASTEFUL EXPENDITURE, I'M PULLING THE PLUG!
MOUNT ST. HILARY, A VOLCANO WITHIN THE CASCADE RANGE...
...AND HOME TO THE OBJECT OF SHOCKWAVE'S DESIRE-- THE ARK!
I'VE SUMMONED YOU HERE, FELLOW AUTOBOTS--
--BECAUSE EACH OF YOU OCCUPIES A POSITION OF AUTHORITY WITHIN OUR RANKS.
THEREFORE, USING MUTUALLY ACCEPTABLE CRITERIA, IT IS INCUMBENT UPON US TO SELECT A PERMANENT SUCCESSOR TO OUR DECEASED LEADER--


--OPTIMUS PRIME!
ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY WE SHOULD PICK A NEW BOSS, PERCEPTOR?
YES.
THEN HE'S GOT TO BE A GREAT WARRIOR--AS QUICK WITH HIS FISTS AS WITH HIS LASER GUN, JUST LIKE OL' OP.
CLIK
JUST AS IMPORTANT IS WISDOM, BLASTER.


OPTIMUS KNEW NOT ONLY HOW TO FIGHT, BUT HOW NOT TO.
HOW ABOUT COMPASSION, HOTSPOT? OPTIMUS WAS THE MOST MERCIFUL BEING I EVER KNEW--TO TRANSFORMERS AND HUMANS ALIKE!
AND THE KINDEST, SILVERBOLT. HE GAVE MORE OF HIMSELF THAN ANYONE COULD EVER BE PROGRAMMED TO GIVE.


AND HE HAD GREAT COURAGE TO MATCH HIS GREAT GENEROSITY, RATCHET.
GOOD POINT, OMEGA SUPREME. BUT DON'T FORGET CHARISMA--I NEVER MET ANY AUTOBOT WHO WOULDN'T LAY HIS LIFE DOWN FOR OPTIMUS.
INDEED, JETFIRE, ALL THESE TRAITS ARE ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS IN OUR EVALUATION--
STRENGTH IS ALL THAT MATTERS...


GRIMLOCK!
...AND I AM STRONGEST OF THE AUTOBOTS!

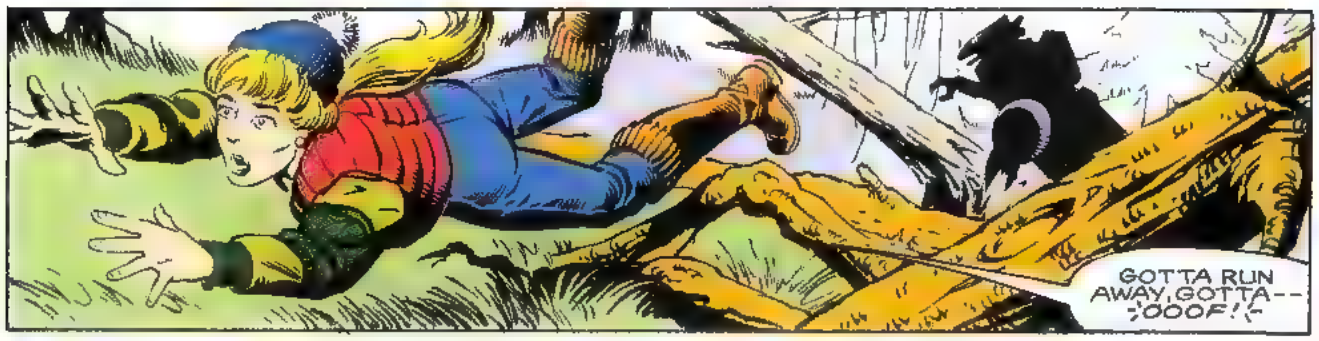

OPTIMUS PRIME WAS VERY STRONG...
...BUT HE'S DEAD!
SKRAKK
I SHOULD BE LEADER!
SKRIK
AS HEAD OF THE DINOBOTS, GRIMLOCK, YOUR INPUT IS MOST WELCOME--BUT YOUR DEMANDS AREN'T.
THIS WOULD NOT BE OPTIMUS PRIME'S WAY!
FOOLS! OPTIMUS PRIME'S WAY LED TO HIS DESTRUCTION!
HE WORRIED ABOUT PROTECTING WEAKLING HUMANS!
HE AVOIDED FIGHTING THE DECEPTICONS OPENLY, TO PREVENT DAMAGING THIS MISERABLE PLANET!
OPTIMUS PRIME'S WAY STINKS!
MY WAY WILL BE BETTER!
NO!
YOU MISS THE POINT, GRIMLOCK--A TRUE LEADER DOESN'T SEIZE POWER, HE'S GIVEN IT BY HIS FOLLOWERS.
BAH! I ASK YOU TO GIVE ME NOTHING! WHAT GRIMLOCK WANTS, GRIMLOCK TAKES!
YOU'LL SEE...

NEARBY, WHILE GRIMLOCK LEAVES THE ARK...
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SLEEP TONIGHT!
I CAN'T SHAKE THAT... THING FROM MY HEAD. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO WAIT 'TIL MORNING TO LOOK FOR--
--HUH? WHAT'S THAT LIGHT?
IT CAN'T BE MORNING ALREADY!
IT ISN'T.
HMM... THIS MIGHT BE WORTH CHECKING OUT.
I WONDER WHERE SUCH A BRIGHT LIGHT COMES FROM, HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOODS?

THE LIGHT COMES FROM FARTHER AWAY THAN RACHEL BECKER COULD EVER IMAGINE.
ROUTED THROUGH INTERDIMENSIONAL SPACE, IT HAS LEAPED ACROSS THOUSANDS OF LIGHT YEARS IN MILLISECONDS.
IT IS FROM CYBERTRON, AND IT HOLDS WITHIN ITS RADIANT SHEATH A ROADWAY BETWEEN WORLDS--
--THE SPACE BRIDGE!
AND THE SPACE BRIDGE BRINGS UNSPEAKABLE TERROR--

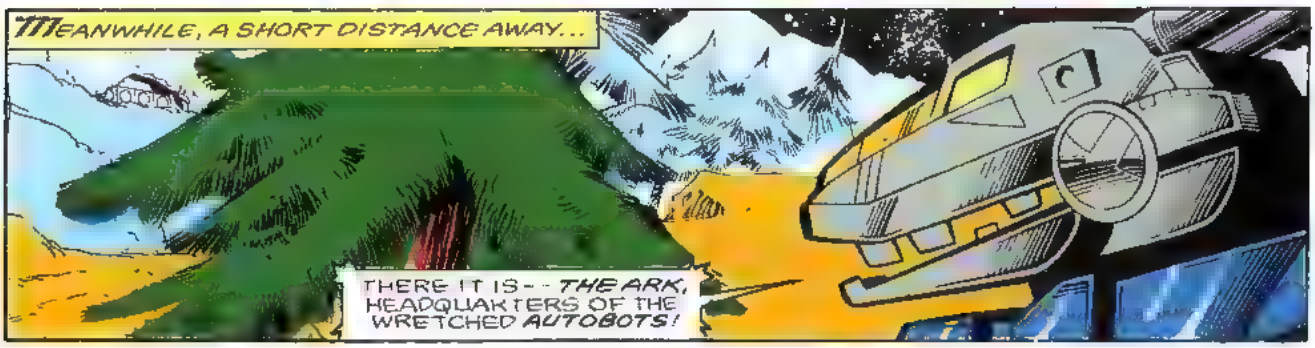
--TRYPTICON, THE ULTIMATE DECEPTICON KILLING MACHINE!
AIEEEE!
KRUNK

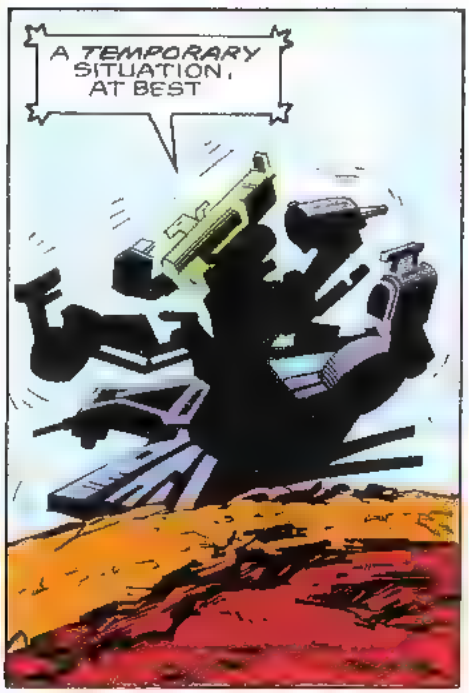
MARVEL
THE TRANSFORMERS
HEROIC AUTOBOT
DINOSAUR WAR!

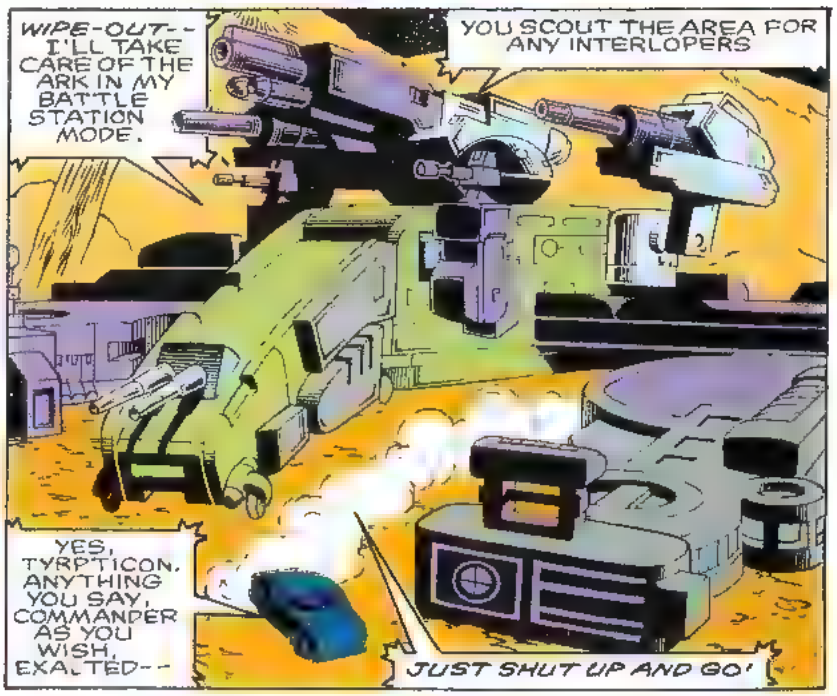

GOTTA RUN AWAY, GOTTA--
OOOF!

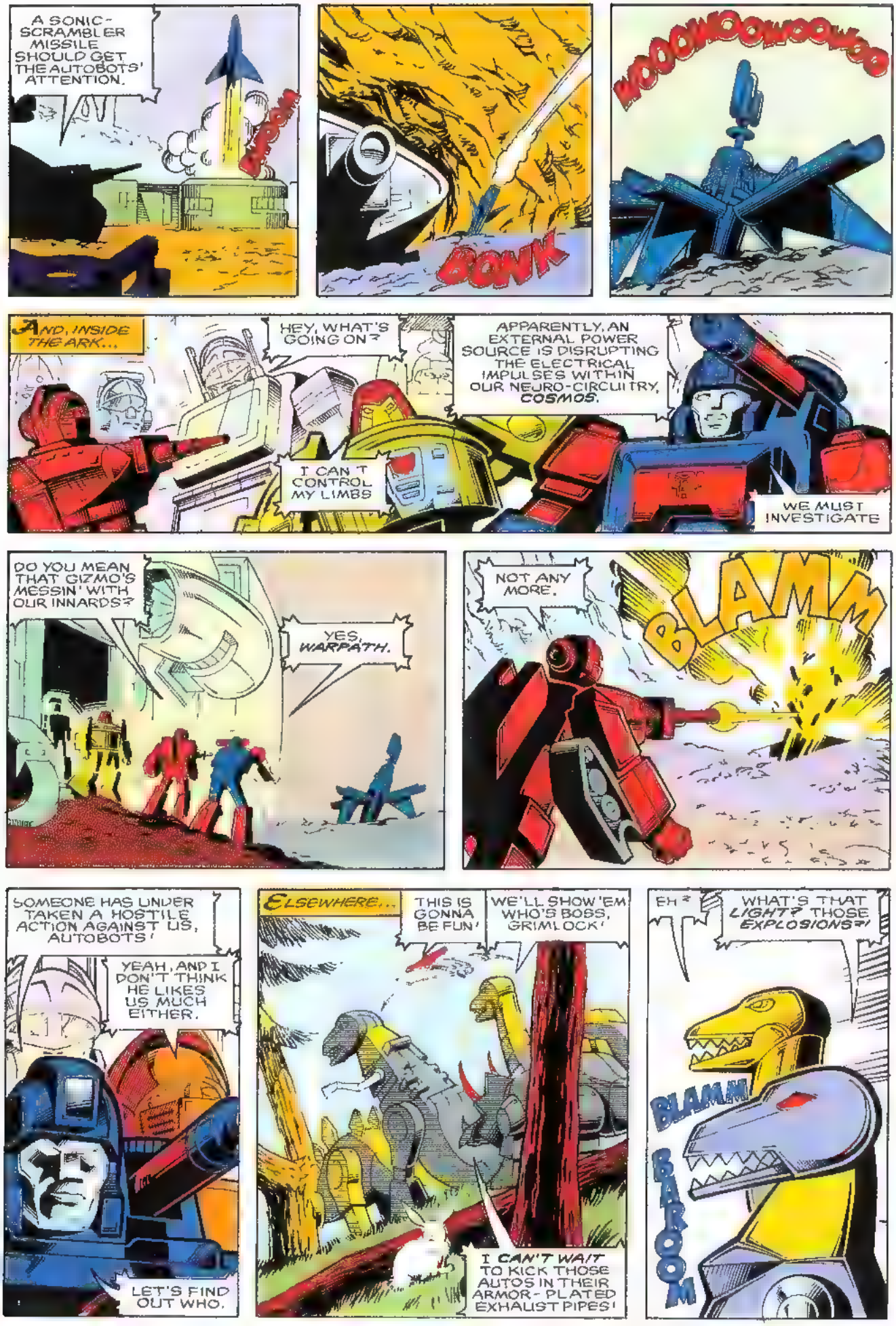
OH, NO! IT'LL GET ME, IT'LL--
--WAIT A SECOND, RACHEL! GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF! YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A SCARED LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL!
THAT THING.. WHATEVER IT WAS, DIDN'T EVEN SEEM TO NOTICE ME.

IF I HADN'T GOTTEN HYSTERICAL. IF I HAD STAYED CALM LIKE PROFESSOR PAASWELL WOULD HAVE, I WOULDN'T HAVE DROPPED MY FLASHLIGHT AND I'D BE ABLE TO FIND MY WAY BACK TO CAMP
AH, WELL.. IT'LL BE MORNING SOON...

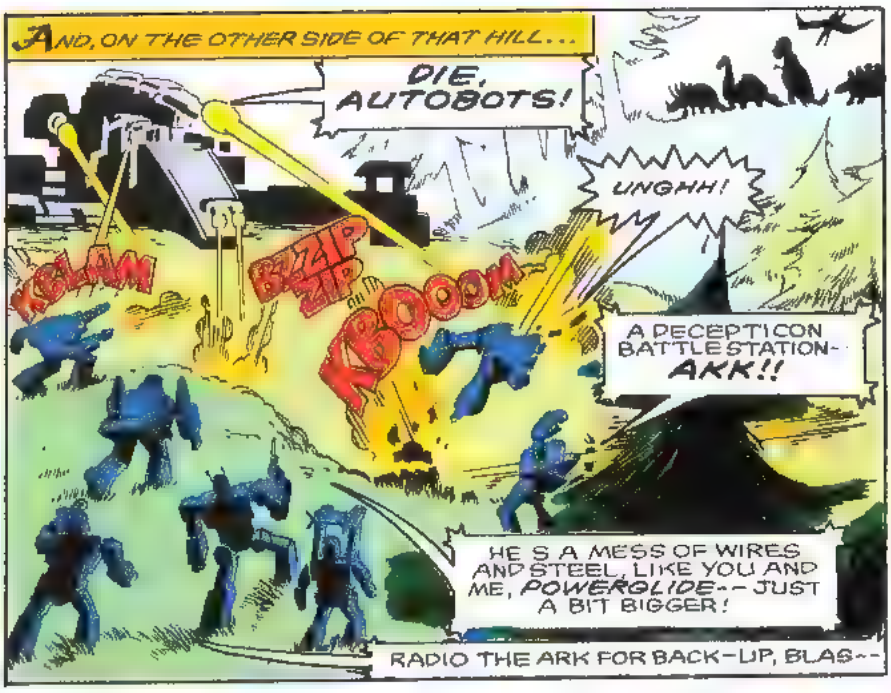

MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...
THERE IT IS-- THE ARK, HEADQUARTERS OF THE WRETCHED AUTOBOTS!


A TEMPORARY SITUATION, AT BEST

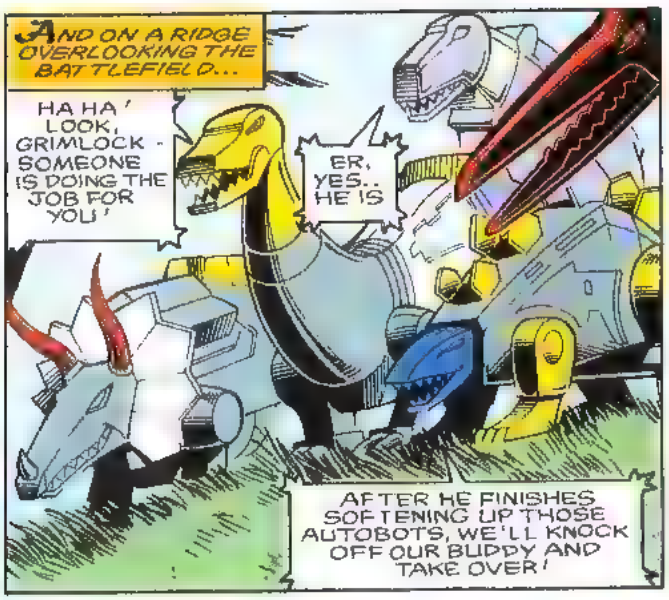

WIPE-OUT-- I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE ARK IN MY BATTLE STATION MODE.
YOU SCOUT THE AREA FOR ANY INTERLOPERS
YES, TYRPTICON. ANYTHING YOU SAY, COMMANDER AS YOU WISH, EXALTED--
JUST SHUT UP AND GO!

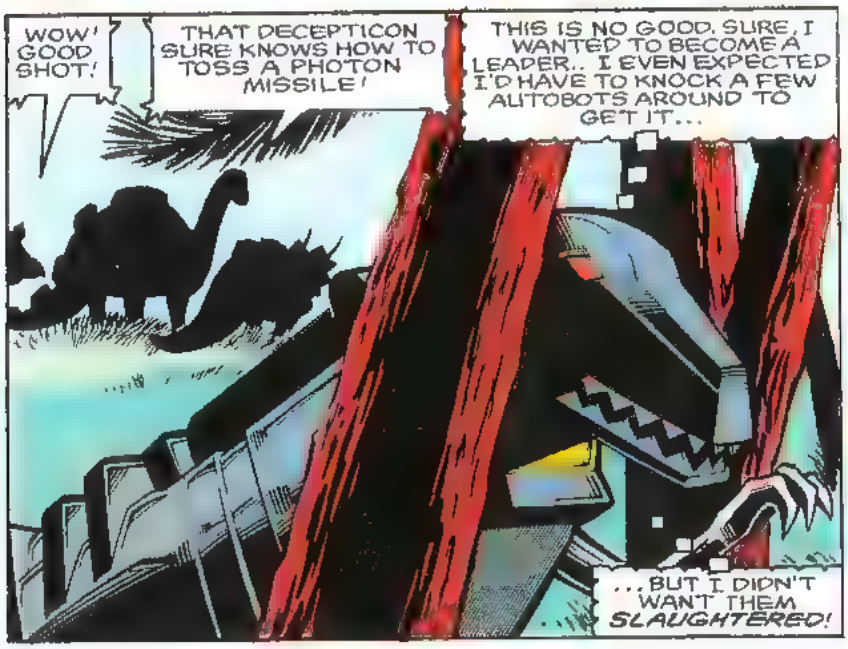

A SONIC-SCRAMBLER MISSILE SHOULD GET THE AUTOBOTS' ATTENTION.
BONK
WOOOWOOWOOWOO
AND, INSIDE THE ARK...
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON?
I CAN'T CONTROL MY LIMBS
APPARENTLY, AN EXTERNAL POWER SOURCE IS DISRUPTING THE ELECTRICAL IMPULSES WITHIN OUR NEURO-CIRCUITRY, COSMOS.
WE MUST INVESTIGATE
DO YOU MEAN THAT GIZMO'S MESSIN' WITH OUR INNARDS?
YES, WARPATH.
NOT ANY MORE.
BLAMM
SOMEONE HAS UNDERTAKEN A HOSTILE ACTION AGAINST US, AUTOBOTS!
YEAH, AND I DON'T THINK HE LIKES US MUCH EITHER.
LET'S FIND OUT WHO.
ELSEWHERE...
THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!
WE'LL SHOW 'EM WHO'S BOSS, GRIMLOCK!
I CAN'T WAIT TO KICK THOSE AUTOS IN THEIR ARMOR-PLATED EXHAUST PIPES!
EH?
WHAT'S THAT LIGHT? THOSE EXPLOSIONS?!
BLAMM
BARROOM

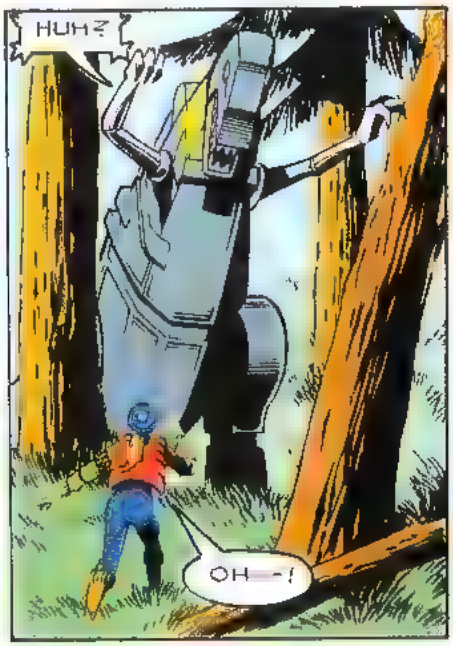
AND NEARBY...
MORE LIGHTS? AND NOISES - SOUNDS LIKE EXPLOSIONS!
BLAMM
KPOW
THEY'RE COMING FROM OVER THAT HILL.
AT LEAST THE LIGHTS WILL GUIDE MY WAY...

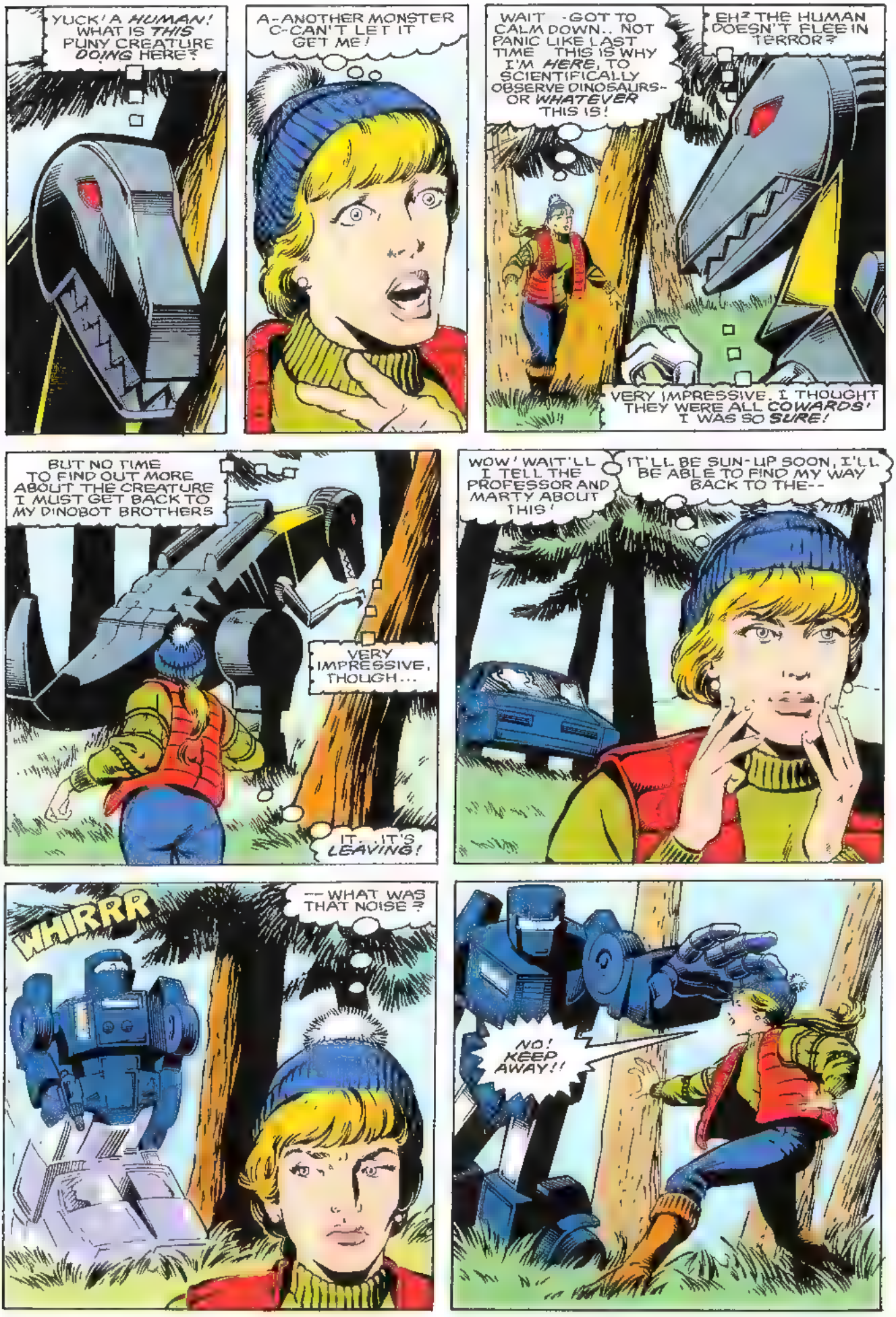

AND, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT HILL...
DIE, AUTOBOTS!
UNGHH!
KCLAM
BZZZP
KBOOOM
A DECEPTICON BATTLESTATION- AKK!!
HE'S A MESS OF WIRES AND STEEL, LIKE YOU AND ME, POWERGLIDE-- JUST A BIT BIGGER!
RADIO THE ARK FOR BACK-UP, BLAS--

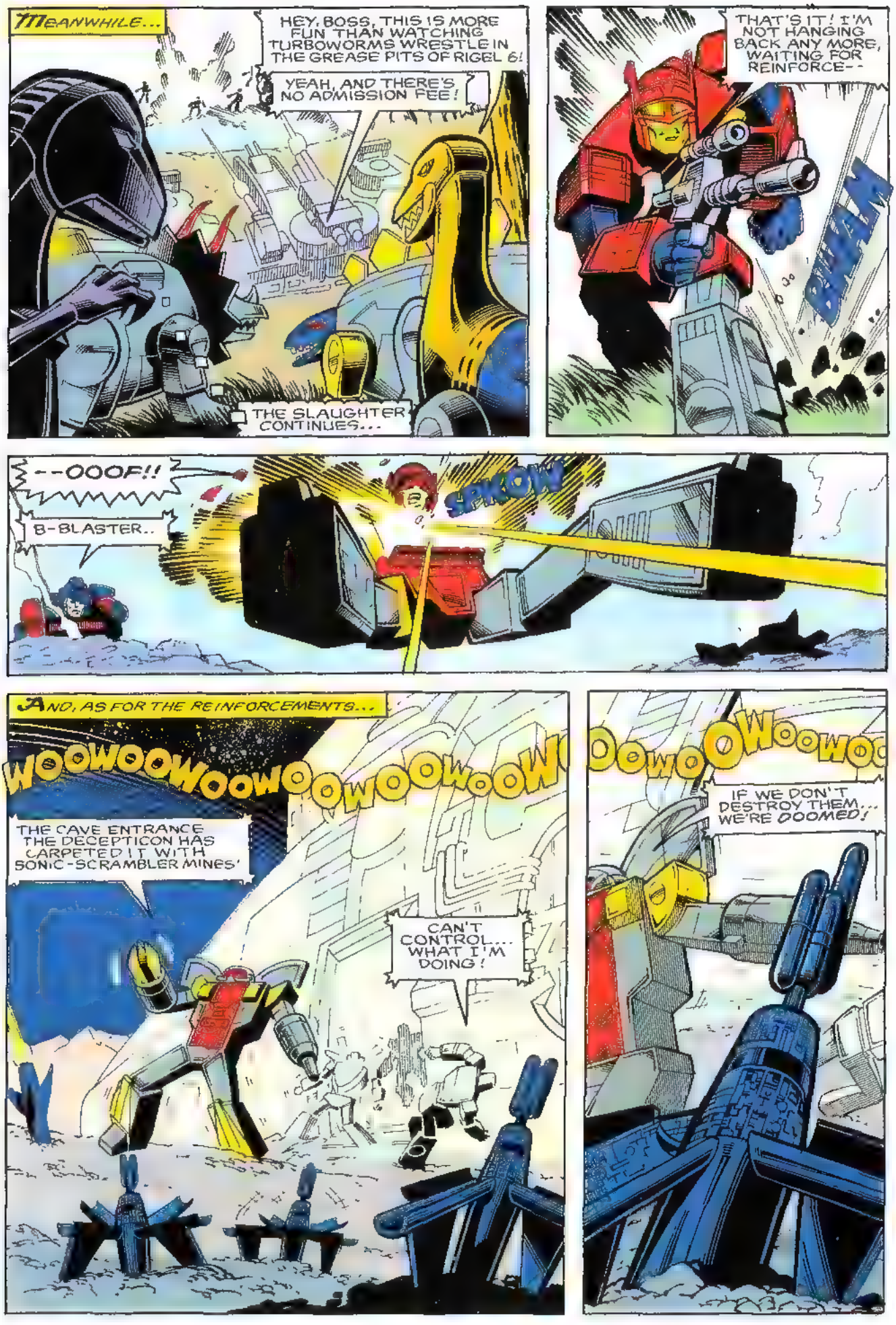
--URKK!!
KPOW
PERCEPTOR!

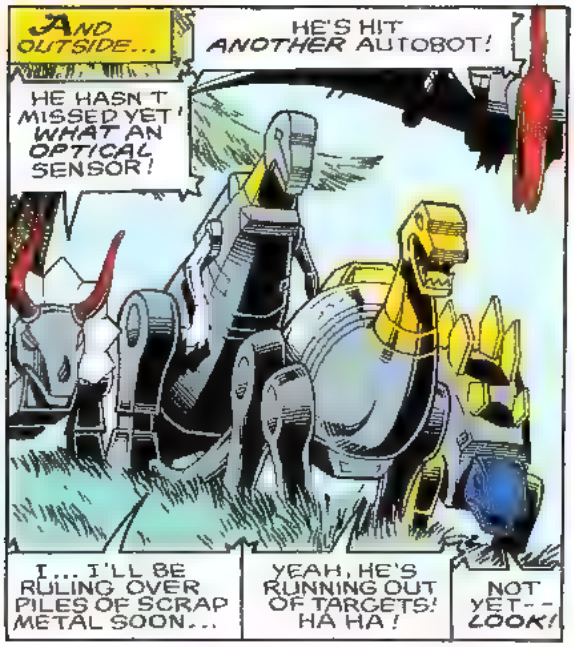

AND ON A RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE BATTLEFIELD...
HA HA! LOOK, GRIMLOCK - SOMEONE IS DOING THE JOB FOR YOU!
ER, YES.. HE IS
AFTER HE FINISHES SOFTENING UP THOSE AUTOBOTS, WE'LL KNOCK OFF OUR BUDDY AND TAKE OVER!

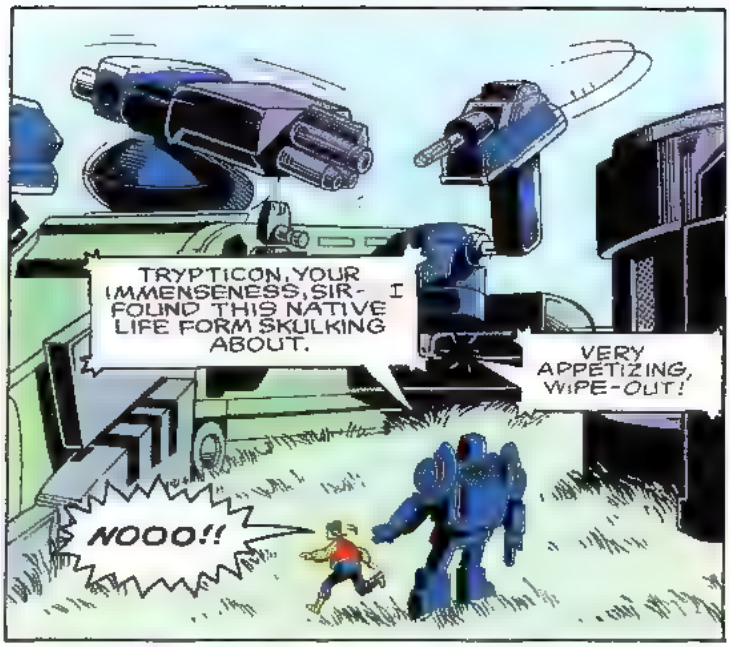

WOW! GOOD SHOT!
THAT DECEPTICON SURE KNOWS HOW TO TOSS A PHOTON MISSILE!
THIS IS NO GOOD. SURE, I WANTED TO BECOME A LEADER.. I EVEN EXPECTED I'D HAVE TO KNOCK A FEW AUTOBOTS AROUND TO GET IT...
...BUT I DIDN'T WANT THEM SLAUGHTERED!

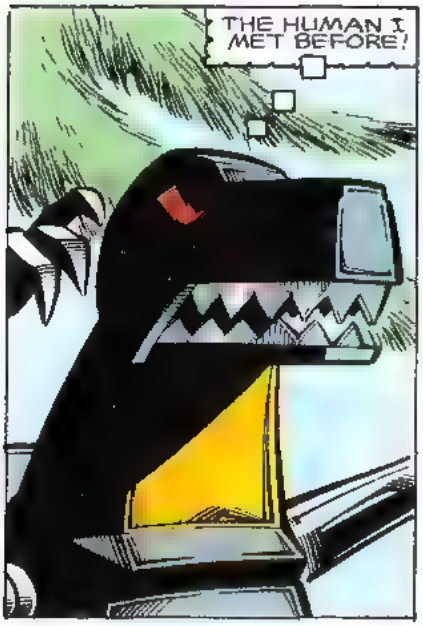

HUH?
OH--!

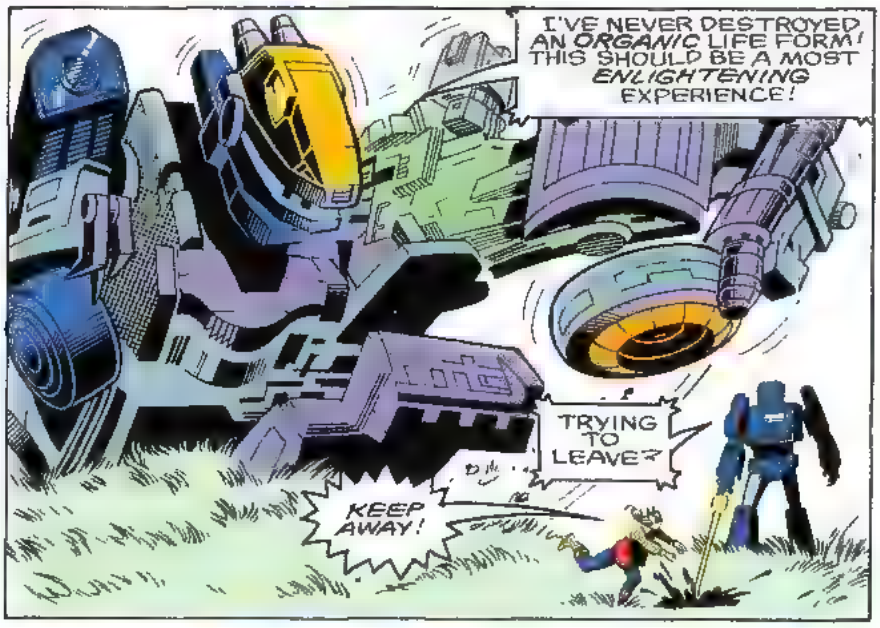

YUCK! A HUMAN! WHAT IS THIS PUNY CREATURE DOING HERE?
A-ANOTHER MONSTER C-CAN'T LET IT GET ME!
WAIT -GOT TO CALM DOWN.. NOT PANIC LIKE LAST TIME THIS IS WHY I'M HERE, TO SCIENTIFICALLY OBSERVE DINOSAURS-- OR WHATEVER THIS IS!
EH? THE HUMAN DOESN'T FLEE IN TERROR?
VERY IMPRESSIVE. I THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL COWARDS! I WAS SO SURE!
BUT NO TIME TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE CREATURE I MUST GET BACK TO MY DINOBOT BROTHERS
VERY IMPRESSIVE, THOUGH...
IT..IT'S LEAVING!
WOW! WAIT'LL I TELL THE PROFESSOR AND MARTY ABOUT THIS!
IT'LL BE SUN-UP SOON, I'LL BE ABLE TO FIND MY WAY BACK TO THE--
WHIRRR
--WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?
NO! KEEP AWAY!!


MEANWHILE...
HEY, BOSS, THIS IS MORE FUN THAN WATCHING TURBOWORMS WRESTLE IN THE GREASE PITS OF RIGEL 6!
YEAH, AND THERE'S NO ADMISSION FEE!
THE SLAUGHTER CONTINUES...
THAT'S IT! I'M NOT HANGING BACK ANY MORE, WAITING FOR REINFORCE--
--OOOF!!
B-BLASTER..
SPKOW
AND, AS FOR THE REINFORCEMENTS...
WOOWOOWOOWOOWOOWOOW
THE CAVE ENTRANCE THE DECEPTICON HAS CARPETED IT WITH SONIC-SCRAMBLER MINES!
CAN'T CONTROL... WHAT I'M DOING!
OOWOOWOOWOO
IF WE DON'T DESTROY THEM... WE'RE DOOMED!

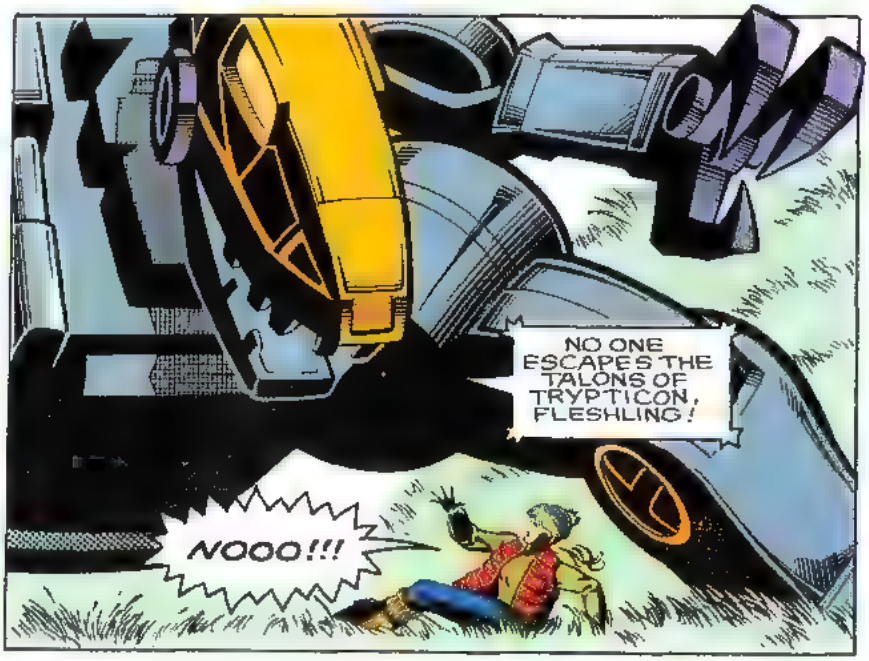

AND OUTSIDE...
HE'S HIT ANOTHER AUTOBOT!
HE HASN'T MISSED YET! WHAT AN OPTICAL SENSOR!
I... I'LL BE RULING OVER PILES OF SCRAP METAL SOON...
YEAH, HE'S RUNNING OUT OF TARGETS! HA HA!
NOT YET-- LOOK!


TRYPTICON, YOUR IMMENSENESS, SIR- I FOUND THIS NATIVE LIFE FORM SKULKING ABOUT.
VERY APPETIZING, WIPE-OUT!
NOOO!!

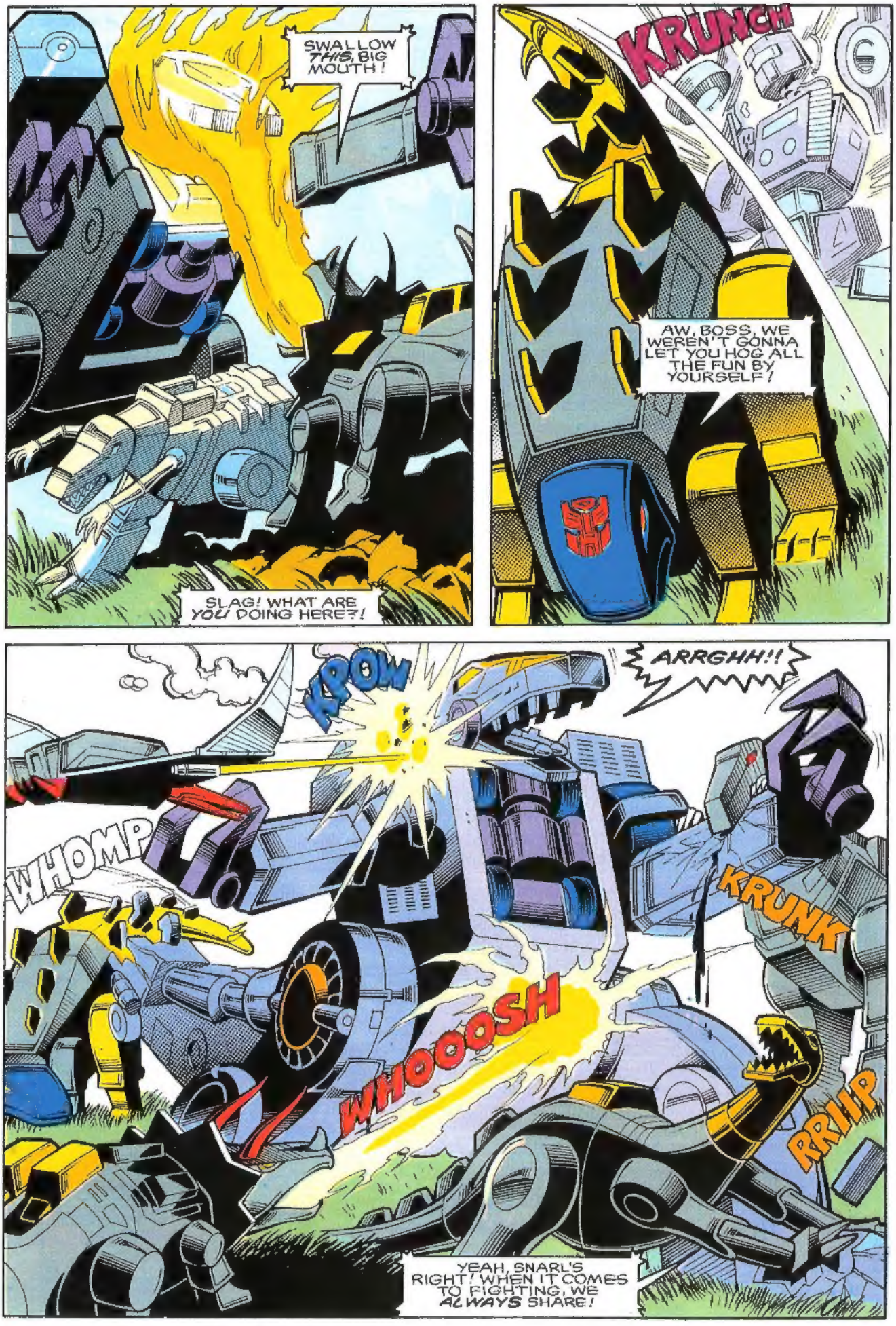

THE HUMAN I MET BEFORE!

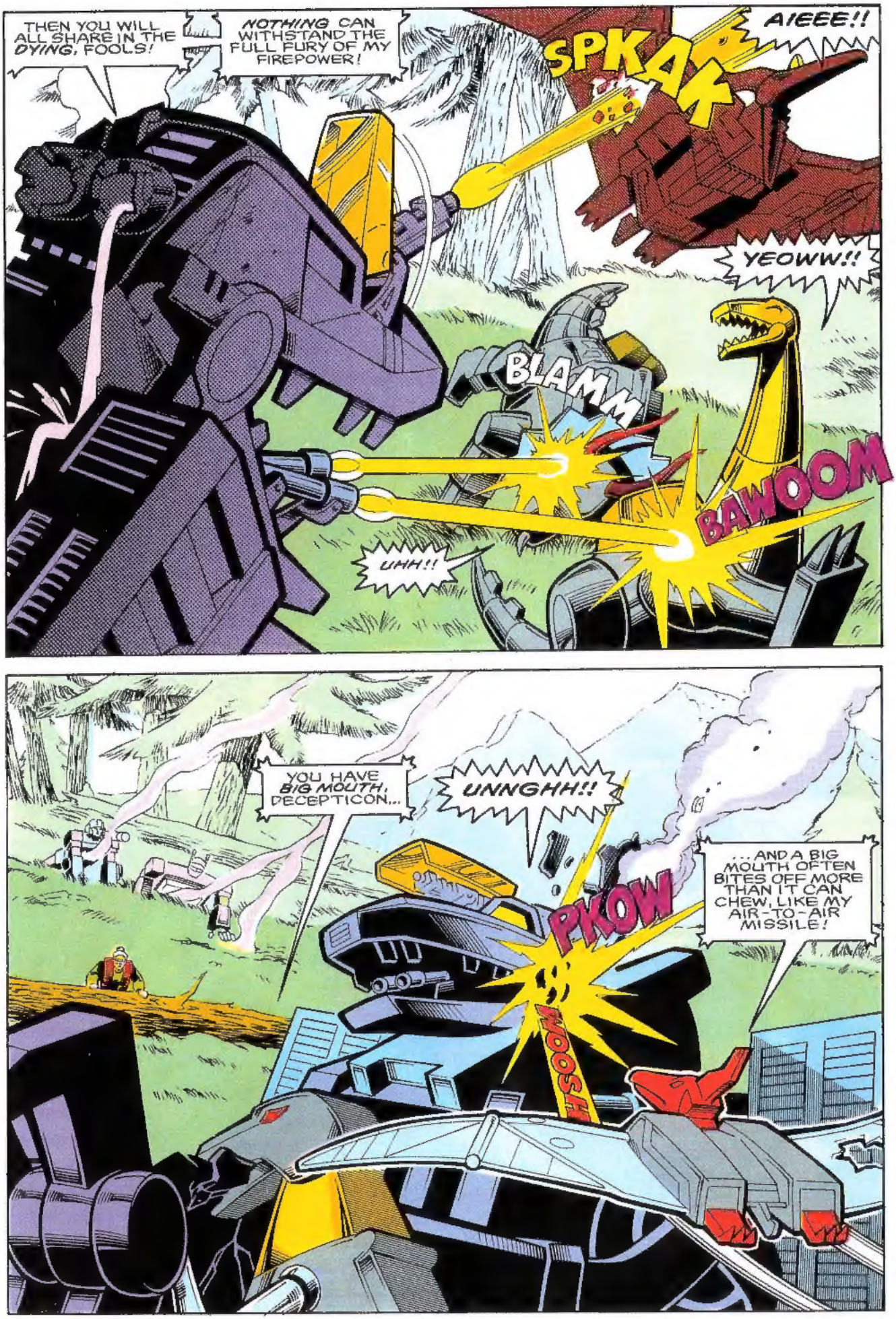

I'VE NEVER DESTROYED AN ORGANIC LIFE FORM! THIS SHOULD BE A MOST ENLIGHTENING EXPERIENCE!
TRYING TO LEAVE?
KEEP AWAY!

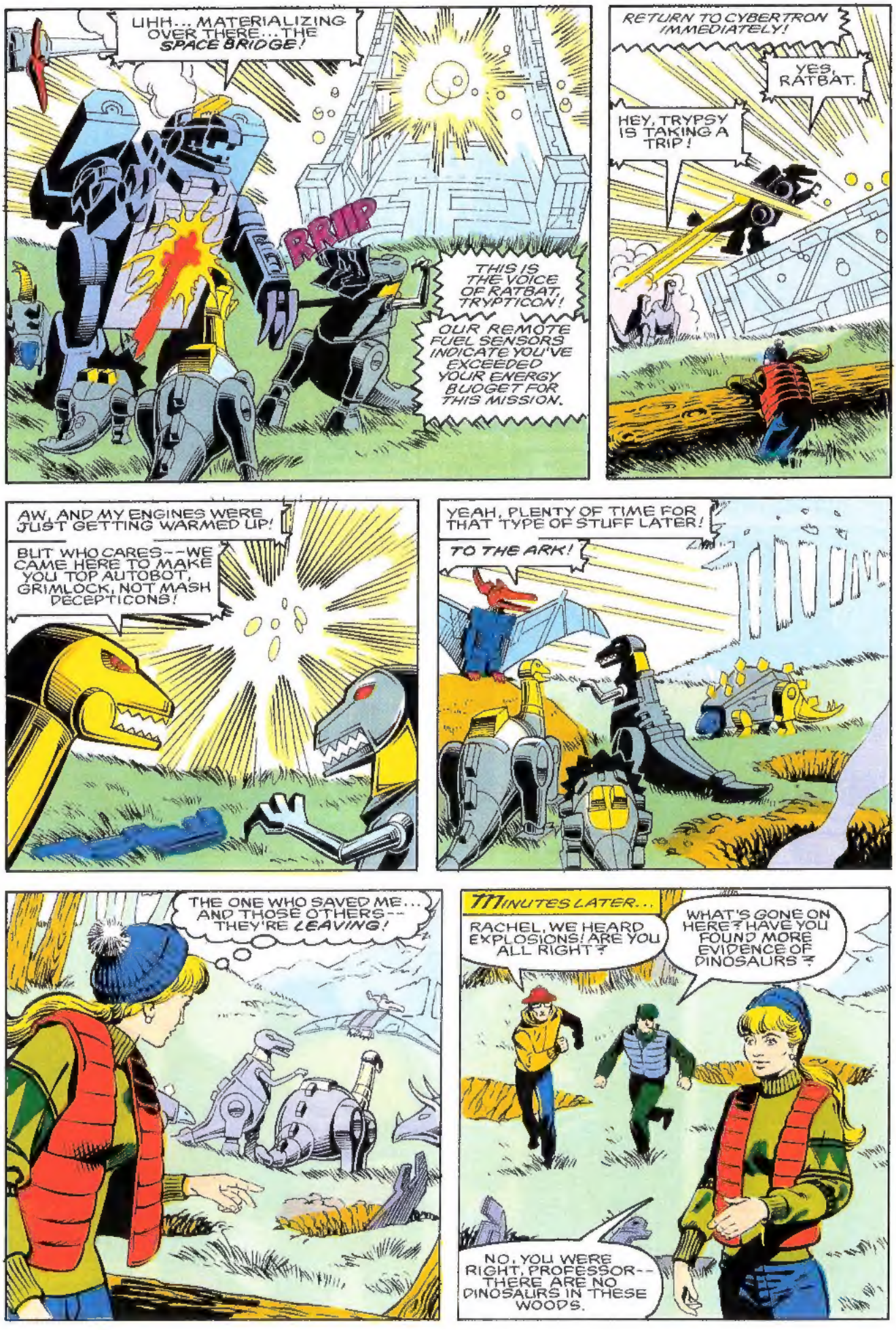
HERE, LET ME PAVE YOUR PATHWAY...
...WITH GREASE!
OHM!!

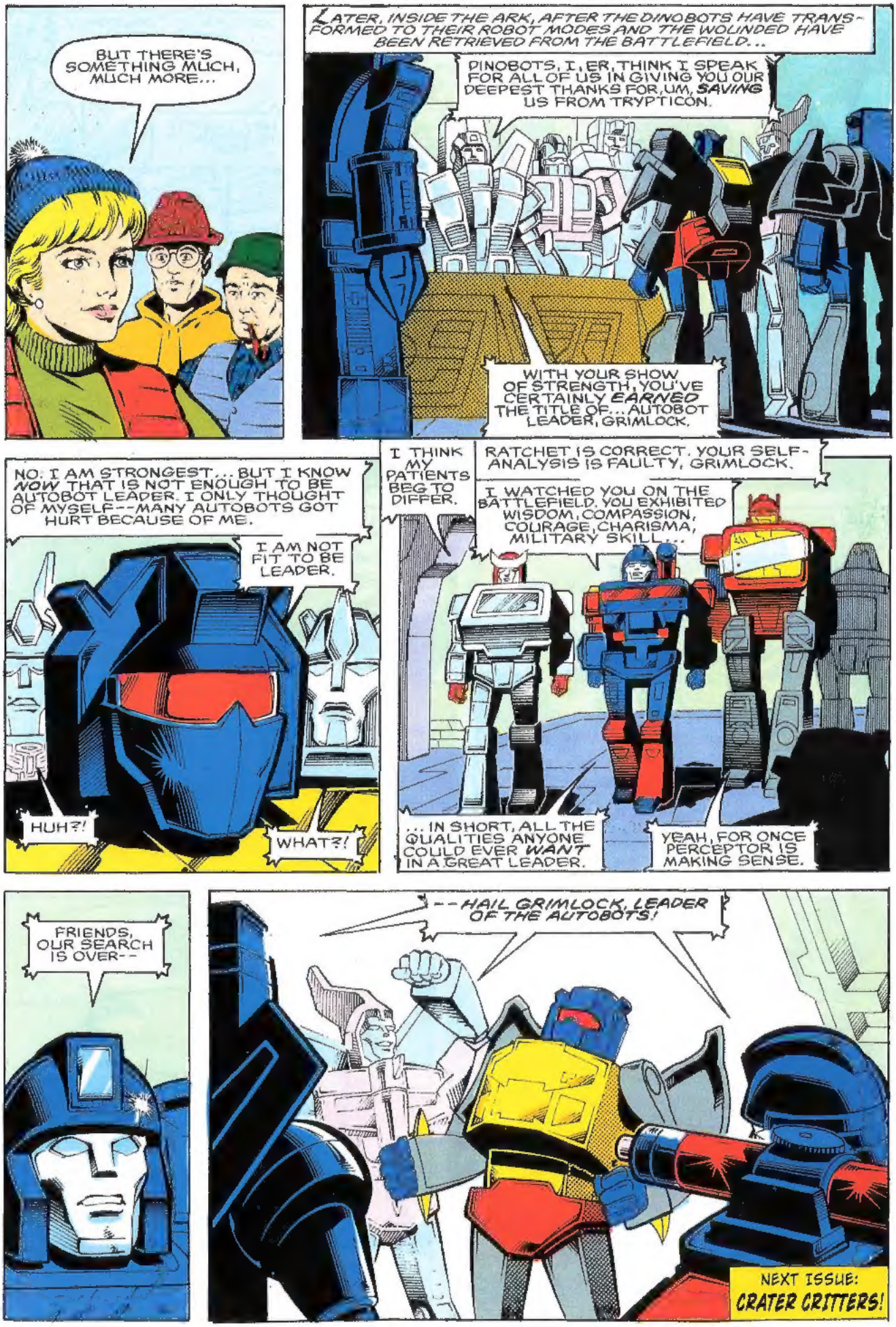

NO ONE ESCAPES THE TALONS OF TRYPTICON, FLESHLING!
NOOO!!!

THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME!
YOU'VE CLAIMED YOUR LAST VICTIM!
AGGHH!!
GET YOUR TEETH OUT OF MY HEAD!
OOOF!
BONK
I'LL ATTEND TO THE FLESHLING LATER
CAN'T GET MY FOOTING..
- FIRST I'LL SHRED THIS FOOL INTO STEEL CONFETTI --
SPLAT
--BETWEEN MY JAWS!
THAT THING... IS RISKING ITS LIFE... FOR ME!
HEY, NO CHEWIN' ON THE BOSS!


SWALLOW THIS, BIG MOUTH!
SLAG! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!
KRUNCH
AW, BOSS, WE WEREN'T GONNA LET YOU HOG ALL THE FUN BY YOURSELF!
KPOW
ARRGHH!!
WHOMP
KRUNK
WHOOOSH
RRIIP
YEAH, SNARL'S RIGHT! WHEN IT COMES TO FIGHTING, WE ALWAYS SHARE!


THEN YOU WILL ALL SHARE IN THE DYING, FOOLS!
NOTHING CAN WITHSTAND THE FULL FURY OF MY FIREPOWER!
SPKAK
AIEEE!!
YEOWW!!
BLAMM
BAWOOM
UHH!!
YOU HAVE BIG MOUTH, DECEPTICON...
UNNGHH!!
PKOW
WOOSH
...AND A BIG MOUTH OFTEN BITES OFF MORE THAN IT CAN CHEW, LIKE MY AIR-TO-AIR MISSILE!


UHH... MATERIALIZING OVER THERE... THE SPACE BRIDGE!
RRRIP
THIS IS THE VOICE OF RATBAT, TRYPTICON!
OUR REMOTE FUEL SENSORS INDICATE YOU'VE EXCEEDED YOUR ENERGY BUDGET FOR THIS MISSION.
RETURN TO CYBERTRON IMMEDIATELY!
YES, RATBAT.
HEY, TRYPSY IS TAKING A TRIP!
AW, AND MY ENGINES WERE JUST GETTING WARMED UP!
BUT WHO CARES--WE CAME HERE TO MAKE YOU TOP AUTOBOT, GRIMLOCK, NOT MASH DECEPTICONS!
YEAH, PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT TYPE OF STUFF LATER!
TO THE ARK!
THE ONE WHO SAVED ME... AND THOSE OTHERS-- THEY'RE LEAVING!
11 MINUTES LATER...
RACHEL, WE HEARD EXPLOSIONS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHAT'S GONE ON HERE? HAVE YOU FOUND MORE EVIDENCE OF DINOSAURS?
NO, YOU WERE RIGHT, PROFESSOR-- THERE ARE NO DINOSAURS IN THESE WOODS.


BUT THERE'S SOMETHING MUCH, MUCH MORE...
LATER, INSIDE THE ARK, AFTER THE DINOBOTS HAVE TRANSFORMED TO THEIR ROBOT MODES AND THE WOUNDED HAVE BEEN RETRIEVED FROM THE BATTLEFIELD...
DINOBOTS, I, ER, THINK I SPEAK FOR ALL OF US IN GIVING YOU OUR DEEPEST THANKS FOR, UM, SAVING US FROM TRYPTICON.
WITH YOUR SHOW OF STRENGTH, YOU'VE CERTAINLY EARNED THE TITLE OF... AUTOBOT LEADER, GRIMLOCK.
NO: I AM STRONGEST... BUT I KNOW NOW THAT IS NOT ENOUGH TO BE AUTOBOT LEADER. I ONLY THOUGHT OF MYSELF--MANY AUTOBOTS GOT HURT BECAUSE OF ME.
I AM NOT FIT TO BE LEADER.
HUH?!
WHAT?!
I THINK MY PATIENTS BEG TO DIFFER.
RATCHET IS CORRECT. YOUR SELF-ANALYSIS IS FAULTY, GRIMLOCK.
I WATCHED YOU ON THE BATTLEFIELD. YOU EXHIBITED WISDOM, COMPASSION, COURAGE, CHARISMA, MILITARY SKILL...
... IN SHORT, ALL THE QUALITIES ANYONE COULD EVER WANT IN A GREAT LEADER.
YEAH, FOR ONCE PERCEPTOR IS MAKING SENSE.
FRIENDS, OUR SEARCH IS OVER--
--HAIL GRIMLOCK, LEADER OF THE AUTOBOTS!
NEXT ISSUE:
CRATER CRITTERS!